

A STUBBLE OF CHARRED FOREST, SEVERAL

Thousand trees -- a mountain side
a cliff. Not yet having begun to grow

Back again. But there are ferns here, many
such as I had never seen before

Varied as the forms of women
dreamed and undreamt

Pellucid the mind --
bountiful the earth

IT IS ALMOST AS IF THERE WERE NEVER

A chance, a vagary of hazard. One
of us, or both of us took to it -- or else

It took us. Carried us, you might say
like dandelion fluff -- in what scent-

Suffused, warm, gentle air, to a wet
chill breeze that dampened us

Weighted us at last -- dragged us down
upon a cloying soil, unbelievable

Even so
a seed, as they say, was planted

I'LL NOT COP OUT ON RHODODENDRONS THIS TI

Much less on asphodels. What in shit have
flowers to do with any of it? Not that yo

Came upon the scene empty-handed. Nor that
you were even quite naked. Flowers & flowe

& flowers. Suppose that had been the way
it was, though it wasn't. Naked you surely

Were not. Your agility in heavy mail would
well put a jackrabbit to shame. If you don'

See I am not Joyce Carol Oates folding up
the sun in an omelette -- then you will not

See what all the breaking of all the eggs
has been about. Fuck you